PAINTING
MUSIC
SCULPTURE
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Life and Art

A glaring waste of drifting sand,
  Sun-scorched and powder-dry,
A weary, soul-consuming land,
Bleached camel-bones on either hand
  And vultures in the sky.

Fair gardens, set about a spring,
  So cool, so crystal-clear,
Rich verdure, bees upon the wing,
And golden-throated birds to sing
  And joy the traveller's ear.

Then on our dromedary goes,
  But, pressed against our heart,
We wear a half-oped brier-rose,
Or but a violet we chose
  Out of the fields of Art.

J. E. MIDDLETON.

A Gathering of the Arts

IN the "consumingly commercial" City of Toronto (*vide* Kipling), on the evening of March 23, which date has no hereinafter significance, there came together a gathering of art workers and art lovers, at a place known as the St. Charles Inn. Five well known arts, Literature—including Journalism—Architecture, Music, Painting and Sculpture, were represented by seventy men. As the initials of these art names together constitute the word "LAMPS," it may be inferred that there were a good many lights upon that occasion.

The manner of attire and the smoking utensils of these free-souled gentlemen suggested somewhat the famous nursery line:

"Some in rags and some on nags, and one in a velvet gown."

Similarly semi-bohemian was the programme: a symphony of music (*andante*), speeches (*allegretto*), refreshments (*scherzo*), and monotype performances (*prestissimo*).

Chairman was Mr. Augustus Bridle, who once plagiarized from Jack London by writing a story five years before London wanted to use it. His opening remarks smacked of the soil. Long ago on the farm he felt for the Ninth Symphony on a jew's-harp, and made up doggerel riding on an ash-wagon, to the metre of the swinging hickory-spring seat. On the subject of color, the Chairman intimated an analogy between a rainbow and the diatonic scale; but was afterwards rudely disillusionized

by a fellow-member who assured him *sotto voce* that the spectrum has but six primaries.

Next observations were by Mr. E. Wyly Grier, R.C.A., the portraiteur. Mr. Grier has a reputation for putting the best possible face on a subject. He sometimes finds that the best way to make a man's face is to draw his maternal grandfather. Many of his portraits are life-like enough to pay debts. Mr. Grier paid his disrespects to the Philistines, including the collector. As to the connoisseur—as to the enlarger of portraits—ask him. Mr. Grier does not appear to appreciate sheep in landscapes.

Dr. A. S. Vogt, the well-known choral conductor, was called up impromptu. Mr. Vogt was born ir Waterloo, and he has been called the Napoleon of Canadian music. Why not Wellington—next to Waterloo? He is the only living general that ever laid siege to New York. He began his musical career by doing comic songs in burnt cork, an apt illustration of color in vocal tone. Canadians he alleged to have a highly developed musical sense. To be sure—since they have kept the Mendelssohn Choir from going to the United States to live. He also said some things about quarter tones which were taken to heart by not a few of those present.

A song of Pinsuti—"The Mighty Deep"—by Mr. Ruthven McDonald, gave token of a fine *basso cantante* voice as good as anything of its class that ever came here from anywhere. Later in the evening Mr. McDonald gave three songs that shewed his possession of a truly artistic sense of selection.

Mr. Frank Blachford added two pieces on a violin in a truly refined manner as to tone and technique; so that the members were now well attuned to the pleasantries of a brisk buffet luncheon in an adjoining room.

The monotype *Entr'actes* by Mr. George Reid and Mr. C. W. Jefferys, gave evidence that in pictures, as well as in piano pieces, the impromptu is a highly gratifying device.

The closing movement of the programme symphony was opened by Mr. Hector Charlesworth, critic of the "Mail and Empire," who, with the lights of the "Globe" in his left eye, convincingly set forth in defence of the critic the ethical value of a column of criticism in comparison with a column of forgery, on the same page.

"I believe," said he, "that the injunction of the great Teacher 'Consider the Lilies,' was not only ethical, but profoundly artistic."

Mr. Jos. T. Clark, editor, looked the company over between puffs of a long cigar; at least, it looked long. He confessed that he had once sung in a choir in Wingham, and in those days it was probable that Sunday morning was even worse than Saturday night. Derivation of his case seems to be—Sanctus, sanctum, sanctorum.

"It seems to me," he said, "that I have been fraternizing with a lot of men this evening, whose main object in life is not to make money. We have in this city a number of clubs

devoted to the periodical consumption of canned peas. Why not a conversational club where, instead of being glued for a whole menu and its horrors to a man that wants to talk to me, I can seek out the man I want to talk to?"

Mr. W. A. Langton spoke as an architect who has to deal with "masons, hod-carriers and clients," in the endeavor to make bricks and mortar into "frozen music." His remarks were of the Gothic variety. Mr. Langton, it seems, should be able to compute how many bricks it would be necessary to use on the composer of such as "O Bedelia!" He advocated the formation of an art society, where the jingle of the coin would not be part of the music.

About this time members began to feel that to organize might be desirable. Speaking to a motion to constitute the self-appointed committee a permanent body to arrange for another gathering, Mr. George Reid, R.C.A., alluded to the art confraternities effected in other lands, intimating that an association based on lines suggested by previous speakers, might be a good model for similar societies in other Canadian cities. . . Also, is it not well known that Mr. Reid could, if he would, make a picture of sucker-fishing fit to delight the vagrant soul of Joe Clark?

Mr. J. Humfrey Anger, Mus. Doc., seconded this motion. He assured gentlemen present that musicians would heartily endorse any movement that aimed at confraternity of the arts. Well, Mr. Anger ought to know; he is an authority on harmony. Perhaps he might also elucidate how many Bach fugues are comprised in once round the Lambton Golf Links, and what

accidentals, if any; likewise is it common measure, and if so, do we come in on the down beat?

A few well-timed and benedictional remarks from Mr. R. Holmes put the company in a mood for listening to a finely-rendered and much appreciated number by the Toronto String Quartette. These are the Kneisels of Canada. One of our sketch-artists will presently make some drawing of these four playing one of the musical miniatures that cultivated sensibilities enjoy quite as well as the ten-league canvas symphonies of big orchestras.

Mr. J. H. Lautz kindly and excellently played all accompaniments on a piano generously loaned by the Gerhard-Heintzman Co.

Let us not forget that the sculptors turned out to this gathering in full force. But, as in the case of Sir Christopher Wren, so let it be with this gathering—"Si requiris ejus monumentum—circumspice."

Item. At a subsequent meeting of the Committee, six gentlemen were added thereto, with much enthusiasm; to wit, Messrs. Anger, Clark, Blachford, Langton, Reid and Bond.

"O CANADA!" *An English Version*

O Canada! thy voice goes o'er the sea,
Home of the brave, and land of liberty;
In their barques of old, by the fog and foam,
Thy sea-men crossed the wave;
On crest and crag they flung the flag,
For the right, and the free, and the brave.

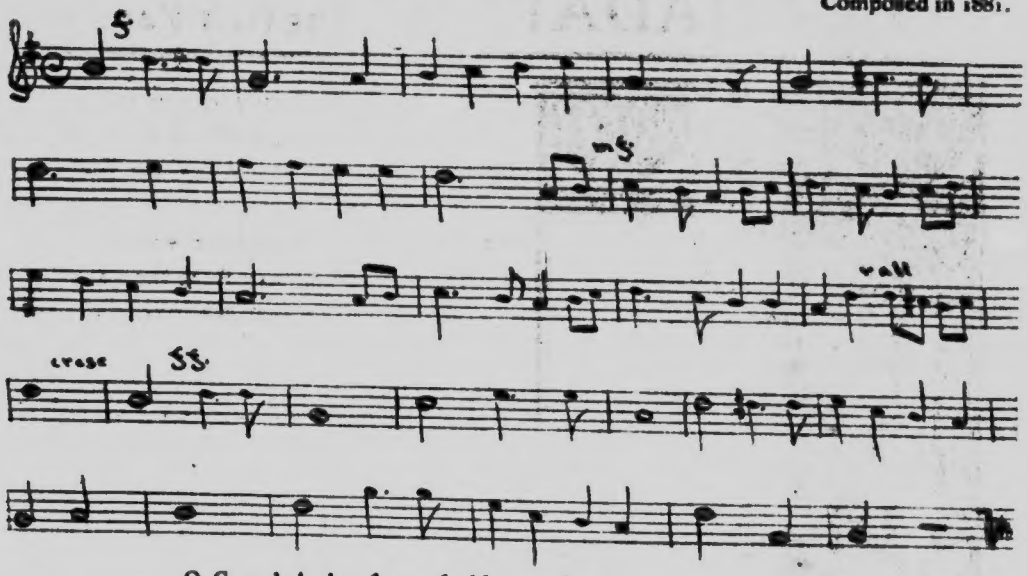
From shore to sea, by field and foam,
This glorious land be ours where'er we may roam;
O land of liberty, the sea-man's home!

O Canada! by camp and smoke and tree,
Stern voyageurs went forth for love of thee;
Thy rivers bold they tracked of old
Thro' forest, flood and foam;
O'er seas of land, by mountains grand,
They reared the North-man's home.

From shore to sea, by field and foam,
God save this land! we pray where'er we may roam;
O land of liberty, the North-man's home!

Air—"La Chant National"—*Lavallee*

Composed in 1881.



O Canada! thy flags of old were free,
Brave Union-Jack and gallant Fleur-de-Lis.
For God and right, by truth and might,
Our fathers fought and fell;
From sire to son this prayer shall run—
O guard this guerdon well.

From shore to sea, by field and foam,
God save the flag! we pray where'er we may roam;
O land of liberty, our fathers' home!

O Canada! our words and works shall be,
In days to come, for right and truth and thee:
From bound to bourne, by field and foam,
In hand and heart we bring,
This song of old from fathers bold—
Long live our noble King!

From shore to sea, by field and foam,
Long live the King! we pray where'er we may roam;
God save the King in Canada, our home!

A. B.

Committee of the Arts

Messrs.

E. Wyly Grier, R.C.A.; C. W. Jefferys; A. H. Robson;

J. E. Middleton; W. W. Alexander; Fergus Kyle; James

Kitchener; J. Harry Smith; T. W. McLean; A. L. E. Davies;

Thos. Greene; Augustus Bridle; R. H. Holmes.

Chairman—Augustus Bridle.

Secretary—C. W. Jefferys.

Additional Members

Messrs.

W. A. Langton; Jos. I. Clark; George Reid, R.C.A.;

J. Humfrey Anger, Mus. Doc.; Acton Bond;

Frank Blachford.

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